A MUSE-SICK PIECE (OF 46 PIECES).

BY H. C. DODGE.

When this band begins to play,
Stop your ears and run away.
—*Old song.*

"Oh! long enough fife fiddle love
Too violin to mention,
Now, while de-clarin'et, will. dove,
Euphone-ish strict attention?"

"Thou didst triangle-ing, adored,
All this dulcimer du'y;
Th-n castanet, threw manichord,
And caught oboe—yours truly."

"There's spinet times when by thy side
I've thought, viol, love, thou eyed me
The calliope to make my bride
Is this d'ar girl beside me.'"

"It whistle little thought but, oh!
Its harp-iness was thrilling,
What could hautboy do then but show
Horn angel he was willing."

"Well, lyre, resolved to guitar chance
To pop—nay, do not mourn it;
But, oh, bell-ieve this heart which pants
And do not, precious, cornet."

"I've thought timbrel-liant," mused the maid,
"But I de-clarion-ly
Thought he'd banjo-king when he said,
'Love! violone am lonely.'"

In concertina room began
Two hearts like one a-beating,
In sweet accordion' his Ann
Watched moments swiftly fleeting.

Flew nine flutina o'clock; he stayed
With his harmonica-ar
A telling to the cymbal maid
His joy was worth a dollar.

Now had that young bucina-head
Per-harpsichord have ended
His xylophone in time and fled
Ere pa came in offended.

"That tam-bour-ine my house again
And cittern close piano."
And have I got tabouret when
I still can shoot a man? No!"

Pa flute to get organ to shoot
And drum had made him ravage.
"I've got tabor that young gal-lute
With bullets." He was savage.

"Oh, see, melod"-ian-gry said,
"This gun—that bass-viol fellow
From him will piccolo-de of lead—
'Cub bugle-long,' I'll yell, oh!"

*Explanation necessary: "By Ana, oh!" "Got to bear it."

THE VICTIM OF A VIRTUE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I am one of those persons, envied for three months in the year and pitied for nine, who "live a little way" out of London. In the summer, our residence is a charming one; the garden especially is delightful and attracts troops of London friends. They are not only always willing to dine with us, but drop in of their own motion and stay for the last train to town. The vague observation "any fine day," or the more evasive phrase "some fine day." used in complimentary invitations, are then very dangerous for us to employ, for we are taken at our word, just as though we meant it. This would be very gratifying, however expensive, if it only happened all the year round. But from October to June nobody comes near us.

In reply to our modest invitations we then receive such expressions of tender regret as would convince the most skeptical; "a previous engagement," "indisposition of our youngest born," "the horses ill," some catastrophe or other, always prevents our friends from enjoying another evening with us "like that charming one they spent last July." They hope, however, to be given the same happy chance again, "when the weather is a little less inclement," by which they mean next summer. As for coming to dine with us in winter, they will see us further first—by which they mean nearer first. Sometimes at their own boards we hear this stated, though of course without any intentional application. Some guests will observe to us, apropos of dinners, "It is most extraordinary how people who live half a dozen miles out of town will attempt to ignore the seasons and expect us to go and dine with them, just as if it was August, through four feet of snow. It does really seem—as Jones, our excellent host, was saying the other day—the very height of personal conceit."

As we have occupied our present residence for some years, we have long had the conceit taken out of us; but we have still our feelings. Our social toes are not absolutely frost-bitten, and when thus trodden upon, we are aware of the circumstance. It grieves us to know what Jones has thought (and said) of us, and my wife drops a quiet tear or two during our drive home in the brougham. I am bound to confess it is rather a long ride. I find myself dropping asleep before we have left brick and mortar behind us, and as we cross the great common near our home I feel a considerable change in the temperature. It is a beautiful, breezy spot, with a lovely view in summer time; the playground of the butterfly and the place of the bee; but in the wiuter it is cold enough.

In the day-time there is nobody there at all. In the evening, at uncertain intervals, there is the patrol. In the old times it used to be a favorite haunt of the Knights of the Road; during whose epoch, by-the-by, I should fancy that these who lived in the locality found it even more difficult to collect their friends around them than now. It has still a bad name for tramps and vagabonds, which makes my wife a little nervous when the days begin to "draw in" and our visitors to draw off. She insists upon my going over the house before retiring to rest every night and making a report of "All's well." Being myself not much over five feet high in my boots, and considerably less in my slippers (in which I am wont to make these peregrinations), it has often suggested itself to my mind that it would be more judicious to leave the burglars to do their worst, as regards the plate and things, and not risk what is (to me) much more valuable. Of course I could "hold the lives of half a dozen men in my hand"—a quotation from my favorite author—by merely arming myself with a loaded revolver; but the simple fact is, I am so unskilled in the use of any weapon (unless the umbrella can be called such) that I should be just as likely to begin with shooting number one (that is myself) as number two, the "first ruffian." "Never willingly, my dear," says I to Julia "will I shed the life-blood of any human being, and least of all my own." On the other hand, as I believe in the force of imagination, I always carry, on these expeditions, in the pocket of my dressing gown, a child's pistol—belonging to our infant, Edward John—which looks like a real one, and would, I am persuaded, have all the effect of a real one in my hands without the effect of personal peril. "Miserable ruffians," I had made up my mind to say when coming upon the gang, "your lives are in my power," (here I exhibit the pistol's butt), "but out of perhaps a mistaken clemency I will only shoot one of you, the one that is the last to leave my house. I shall count six," (or sixteen, according to the number of the gang), "and then fire." Upon which they would, I calculated, all skedaddle helterpelter to the door they got in at, which I should lock and double-lock after them. You may ask, "why double-lock?' but you will get no satisfactory reply. I know no more what to "double-lock" means than you do, but my favorite novelist—a sensational one—always uses it, and I conclude he ought to know.

It was the beginning of a misty October, when the leaves had fallen off early, and our friends had followed their example, and I had been sitting up alone into the small hours resolute to hear my favorite author to the bitter end—his third volume, wherein all the chief characters (except the comic ones) are slain, save one who is left sound in wind and limb, but with an hereditary disposition to commit suicide. Somewhat depressed by its perusal and exceedingly sleepy, I went about my usual task of seeing all was right in a somewhat careless and perfunctory manner. All was right apparently in the dining room, all right in the drawing room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself been sitting) and all right—no, not quite all right in our little black hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table the very largest and thickest pair of navvy's boots I ever saw were standing between my wife's neat little umbrella and a pair of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason. The boot and the print were nothing in themselves, but my intelligence, now fully awakened, at once flew to the conclusion that somebody must have been there to leave them, and was probably in the neighborhood, and, indeed, under my roof at that very moment. If you give Prof. Owen a foot of any creature (just as of less scientific persons we say: Give them an inch, they will take an ell), he will build up the whole animal out of his own mind; and something of the Professor's marvelous instinct was on this occasion mine. I pictured to myself (and as it turned out, correctly) a monster more than six feet high, broad in the shoulders, heavy in the jowl, with legs like stone balustrades, and hands, but too often clenched, of the size of pumpkins. The vestibule led into the pantry, where, no doubt, this giant, with his one idea, or half a one, would conclude the chief part of our plate to be, whereas it was lying—unless he had already taken it—a terrible thought that flashed through my mind, followed by a cluster of others, like a comet with its tail—under our bed.

Of course I could have gone into the pantry at once, but I felt averse to be precipitate; perhaps (upon finding nothing to steal) this poor wretch would feel remorse for what he had done and go away. It would be a wicked thing to deprive him of the opportunity of repentance. Moreover, it struck me that he might not be a thief after all, but only a cousin (considerably "removed") of one of the maid-servants. It would have been very wrong of her to have let him into the house at such an hour, but it was just possible that she had done so, and that he was at that moment supping in the kitchen upon certain cold grouse which I knew were in the larder. Such a state of things, I repeat, would have been reprehensible, but I most sincerely hoped that it had occurred. A clandestine attachment, however misplaced, is better than burglary with possible violence. Coughing rather loudly, to give the gentleman notice that I was about, and to suggest that he had better take himself off in my temporary absence, I went up to the attic to make inquiries.

And here I am tempted to a digression concerning the excessive somnolency of female domestics. As regards our own, at least, they reminded me, except in number, of the Seven Sleepers. I knocked at their door about a quarter of an hour before attracting their attention, and it took me another quarter to convince them (through the keyhole) that it was not fire. If it had been, they must all have been burnt in their beds. Relieved upon this point, they were scarcely less excited and "put out" by the communication I was compelled to make to them, though conveyed with the utmost delicacy and refinement of which language is capable, I asked them whether by any accident one of them chanced to have a male relative who wore exceptionally thick highlows; and if he was likely to have called recently—that very evening, for example.

They all replied in indignant chorus that they had never heard of such a thing—by which they meant the suggestion; and that no cousin of theirs ever did wear highlows, being all females without exception.

Satisfied as to this (and greatly disappointed), I felt that it was now incumbent upon me to pursue my researches. Candle in hand and pistol in pocket, I therefore explored the pantry. To my great relief, it was empty. Was it possible that the thief had departed? If so, he had gone without his highlows, for they stood on the vestibule table as large as life, and, from the necessity of the case, a size or two larger. Their build and bulk, indeed, impressed me more than ever. Was it possible that one burglar had come in those boots?

I entered the kitchen; not a mouse was stirring; on the other hand, there was a legion of black beetles, which scuttled away in all directions except one. They avoided the dresser—beneath which lay the gentleman I was looking for, curled up in a space much too small for him, but affecting to be asleep. Indeed, though previously I had not heard him breathe, no sooner did the light from my candle fall upon him than he began to snore stertorously. I felt at once that this was to give me the idea of the slumber that follows honest toil. I knew before he spoke that he was going to tell me how, tired and exhausted, he had taken shelter under my roof, with no other object (however suspicious might be the circumstances of his position) than a night's rest, of which he stood in urgent need.

"Don't shoot, sir," he said, for I took care to let the handle of Edward John's pistol protrude from my dressing-gown. "I am poor, but honest; I only came in here for the warmth and to have a snooze."

"How did you get in?" I inquired, sternly.

"I just prized up the washus winder," was his plaintive reply, "and laid down 'ere."

"Then, you put out your boots in the back hall to be cleaned in the morning, I suppose?"

At this he grinned a dreadful grin. It seemed to say, "As you have the whip hand of me, you may be as humorous as you please; but if it was not for that pistol, my fine friend, you would be laughing on the other side of your mouth, I reckon."

"Come, march," said I. "Put on your boots."

He got up as a wild beast rises from his lair, and slouched before me into the hall.

Though he looked exceedingly wicked, I felt grateful to him for going so peaceably, and was moved to compassion.

"Were you really in want that you came here?" I said. "Are you hungry?"

"Not now," he answered with a leer. Of course he was intimating that he had supped at my expense, and at the time I thought it frank of him to acknowledge it. If I had known then, as I learned afterward, that he had eaten a grouse and a half, and the whole contents of a large jar of Devonshire cream which we had just received as a present, I should have thought it mere impudence. I did think it rather impudent when he said, as he stood at the front door which I had opened for his exit:

"Won't you give me half a crown, sir, to put me in an honest way of business?" But, nevertheless, thinking it better to part good friends, I gave him what he asked for. He spit upon the coin "for luck," as he was good enough to explain, and also perhaps as a substitute for thanks, since he omitted to give me any, and slouched down the gravel sweep and out of the gate.

It was 3 o'clock; the mist had begun to clear, and the moon and stars were shining. A sort of holy calm began to pervade me. I felt that I had done a good action and also got rid of a very dangerous individual, and that it was high time that I should go to bed in peace with all men. My wife, however, who had been roused by the servants, was on the tiptoe of expectation to hear all that had taken place, and of course I had to tell her. I described each thrilling incident with such dramatic force that she averred that nothing would ever induce her in my absence to sleep in the house again. This was perhaps but the just punishment for a trifle of exaggeration in the narrative with which I had here and there indulged myself, but it was very unfortunate. Now and then I find myself detained in town, after dining at the club, by circumstances over which I have no control (such as a rubber at whist, which will sometimes stretch like india-rubber), and hitherto I had only had to telegraph in the afternoon to express my regret that there was a possibility of my non return. Here was an end to all this, unless I could reassure her. I therefore began to dwell upon the unlikelihood of a second burglar ever visiting the house, which I compared with that famous hole made by a cannon ball, said to be a place of security from cannon balls for evermore.

"Oh, don't tell me," cried my wife, with just a trace of impatient irritation in her voice. "Hark! goodness gracious, what is that coming along the road?"

She thought it was a burglar on horseback, whereas, if I may so express it, it was the very contrary—namely, the horse patrol.

"Knock at the window; call him in. I insist upon your seeing him," she exclaimed. I had no alternative, since she said "insist" (as any married man will understand), but to accede to her wishes; so I went out and told the patrol what had happened.

"How long ago was the fellow here, sir?" he inquired.

"More than an hour. It is quite out of the question you can overtake him. And besides, I really think he is repentant, and means for the future to lead an honest life."

"You do, do you?" said the patrol, in that sort of compassionate tone of voice in which the visitor of a lunatic asylum addresses an inmate warranted harmless. "Well, as I am here, I'll just go over the house and make sure there is no more of them. It is not impossible, you see, he may have left a pal behind him."

"There was only one pair of boots," said I confidently; "of that I am certain."

Nevertheless, as I felt it would be a satisfaction to my wife, I acceded to his request. He tied his horse to the scraper, and came in with his lantern, and looked about him. There was nobody in the front hall, of course, for I had just come through it; in the drawing-room nobody, in the vestibule nobody—but on the table where they had stood before stood a pair of gigantic navvy's boots.

"What d'ye think of that?" whispered the patrol, pointing to one of them.

"They're the same," I answered in hushed amazement, "they're the very same. I could swear to them among a thousand. What can it mean?"

"Well, it means that the gentleman who was going to lead a new life," he answered dryly, "has thought better of it and has come back again."

And so he had. We found him lying in the very same place under the dresser, awaiting, I suppose, events.

"O Lor! is that you, Mr. Policeman?" he said, complainingly. "Then, it's all up."

If he had had to deal with me alone, he expected, perhaps, to have got another half-crown out of me. But the great probability was, he had doubtless argued that all suspicion of burglars, for that night at least, would have died out, and that he would have had the undisputed range of the house. It was a bold game, but one in which all the chances seemed to be on his side.

I helped to fasten a strong strap to his wrist, which was already attached to that of the horse patrol's. "And now," said the latter coolly, "we will go and put on our boots."

For the second time that night I saw that operation accomplished by my burglar, for the second time saw him walk off, though on this occasion a captive to his mounted companion. I did not wish, as the Judges say when they put on the black cap, to add poignancy to the feelings of the unhappy man (he was on ticket-of-leave, and presently got five years' penal servitude), but I could not help saying:

"I think you ought to have been content with your supper and half-a-crown, and not come here again, at all events in search of plunder."

This argument, it seemed, had no sort of weight with him; gratitude was unknown to that savage breast. Like many more civilized individuals, he attributed his misfortunes to his own virtue.

"No, sir, it ain't that," he answered scornfully. "I'm the victim of perseverance."

A Primitive Tribe.

Dr. Hunter describes a peculiar tribe in India, which has preserved an extreme primitiveness. The people are called Leaf Wearers, because they wear the costume of Adam and Eve before the fall; or, more strictly speaking, they did so until the English persuaded them to adopt cloth. In 1871 the English officer called together the clan, and, after a speech, handed out strips of cotton for the women to put on. They then passed in single file to the number of one thousand nine hundred before him, made obeisance to him, and were afterward marked on the forehead with vermilion as a sign of their entering into civilized society. Finally they gathered the bunches of leaves which had formed their sole clothing into a great heap, and solemnly set fire to it. This leaf-wearing tribe had no knowledge of the metals till quite lately, when foreigners came among them, and no word existed in their native language for iron or any other metal. But their country abounds in flint weapons, so that the Juangs form a remnant to our own day of the stone age.

"Their huts," writes the officer who knows them best, "are among the smallest that human beings ever deliberately constructed as dwellings. They measure about six feet by eight feet. The head of the family and all the females huddle together in this one shell, not much larger than a dog kennel." The boys and the young men of the village live in one large building apart by themselves; and this custom of having a common abode for the whole male youth of the hamlet is found among many aboriginal tribes in distant parts of India.

A Dangerous Humorist.

The following anecdote is given by Lord Houghton in his "Monographs Personal and Social," for the authenticity of which, he says, he will not vouch, but which seems to him good enough to be true.

On being settled at his small living in Yorkshire, Sydney Smith willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties. On an occasion of this kind he dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the 'squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes.

"I am very glad that I have amused you," said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow."

"I should hope I know the difference between here and at church," remarked the gentleman with sharpness.

"I am not so sure of that," replied the visitor.

"I'll bet you a guinea on it," said the 'squire.

"Take you," replied the divine.

Next day the preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit, apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once sneezed out the name Ker-shaw several times in various intonations.

This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation, and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse.

The Eavesdropper.

The most contemptible thing in nature is the eavesdropper. The name was originally given to the person who listened beneath the windows and at the doors of people's houses, but custom authorizes its use in speaking of any of the tribe of contemptible sneaks who peek about and listen and pry into their neighbors' affairs.

The eavesdropper bears the impress of his character upon his countenance and betrays it in his sneaking slip-slop gait. He sidles into every company where he thinks any private matter is being discussed, and peeks over their shoulders with his mouth agape like a young chimney swallow waiting for a worm, and here he will stay until the company is either compelled to change the subject of their talk or seek some some spot not infested by the eavesdropper. Let two gentlemen sit down at any point along the street and engage in private conversation, and it will not be long before the eavesdropper takes up his position near them to pry into what does not concern him.

Your eavesdropper has no shame. He cannot take a hint, and there are but two ways to get rid of him. One is to go where he can't find you, and the other is to kick him for his insolence. Those who prefer the former method can take it, but as for ourself we have determined to adopt the latter, the next time occasion requires.

HERR STEBLER'S researches do not confirm the theory that light hinders germination of seeds generally. He admits the probability, however, that light may not be advantageous in the case of seeds that germinate quickly and easily, such as clover, beans, or peas. He says the germination of certain seeds, especially those of the grasses, will not take place at all, or with great difficulty in darkness.

IN a village out West there was a barber shop, and next door a butcher's stall. A wag who had patronized both used to suggest that the artisans had somehow got mixed. "For," said he, "the barber butchers, and the butcher shaves."

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was republished in this paper recently, and has been a subject of much conversation, both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known, not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, Doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headaches, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter, and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger, also. Why, there is no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it, go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject, and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts, there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and that there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first, Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and others. This is terrible and shows a greater growth than that of any other complaint. It must be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in the New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to draw the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids he had provided a vial the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe, then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe, then, that Bright's disease can be cured."

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities with Dr. Craig, the discoverer, and saw the physicians prescribing and using it, and saw that Dr. Craig was unable, with his facilities, to supply the medicine to thousands who wanted it. I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach, and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store, and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements, and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it, and, upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused, and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing, and that it can be cured.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

FOR several years it has been observed that the European glaciers are steadily retreating.

THE molecules of hydrogen, at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, move at the average of 6,225 feet in a second.

FLAMMARIAN says that the tail of a comet must sweep through space with the velocity of 16,000 leagues per second.

MR. STONE, her Majesty's astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, has just completed his great catalogue of Southern stars, the result of ten years' labor at the cape.

THE algæ known as protococcaceæ have one peculiarity—they do not live in the water but in other plants, some in dead, some in dying and others in living parts.

SOME people have come to believe that salting or smoking will kill *trichinæ*, but a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit, or at least 160° should be reached in every part of the meat to bring about this result.

THE colors which distinguish our summer and autumn flora—reds, pinks, blues and yellows—are caused by the presence of substances which require a strong light and high temperature for their production.

IT WAS at one time supposed that among twining plants each had its own direction, some twining toward the sun and others against it; but, though the theory is true in the main, there are found exceptions to the rule.

THE amount of nervous action may be measured by the quantity of blood consumed in its performance. The plethysmograph, measuring the volume of an organ, when the arm is brought in contact with its records the amount of blood drawn from the body to the brain, and thus indicates exactly the effort in mental action.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made to show that the presence of ozone produces luminosity in phosphorus. In pure oxygen, at a temperature of 15° C., and under atmospheric pressure, phosphorous is not luminous in the dark, and a bubble of ozone introduced under the bell glass produces momentary phosphorescence.

THE practical value of the Faure accumulator for the storing of electricity is yet to be proved. It is said that several such batteries stationed in a house and charged with electricity during the day will be sufficient to light up the rooms at night and perform such light operations as turning a coffee-mill or sewing-machine.

About Corns.

Within six blocks of my Boston residence there are eleven corn doctors. Some of them employ a number of operators, and do an immense business. A large majority of adults, among the better classes, suffer from corns or other maladies of the feet. Walking, the best of exercises, would be indefinitely increased if our feet were healthy.

Prompted by suffering in my own person, and by sympathy with the sore-footed cripples about me, I have studied the subject with care and interest.

Let me give you the result of my observation and thought: The sole is too narrow! It has long been suspected that a narrow sole was the great trouble in this world. The particular suffering under consideration, I am sure, all, or nearly all, comes from a too narrow sole.

My friend Mrs. C., on reading the chapter in *Our Girls* devoted to "Boots and Shoes," came to say that, although she was a sufferer from corns, and a general crippled condition of feet, her shoes were, nevertheless, enormous; twice the size of her feet. She wished I would see if it was not so. I examined her shoes and agreed with her that they were too large. As she stepped, her foot rocked over first on one side and then on that. Now it pressed over on the outside, rubbing down over the edge of the sole, and touching the ground, and perhaps, if the ground were at all uneven, on the very step her boot would rock over on the other side of the sole. Such friction between the little toe and the big toe joints against the upper leather must invariably produce corns. I think the majority of boots are too large.

Mrs. C. wished me to accompany her to the shoemaker's and see what I could do for her relief, for really, life was becoming a torture. We went to her own shoemaker. Curiously enough, his name is Shoemaker. Mrs. C. hobbled to a seat and declared, "I won't try to walk again, there!"

Her shoe was removed and Mr. Shoemaker marked around her foot when she was standing upon it. We measured the mark and found that it was exactly four inches. That was the width of her foot when she stepped on it without a shoe. Then we measured the sole of the shoe she had been wearing, and found it two and a half inches. Here was the secret of the whole trouble.

A pair of shoes were made for her at once, with soles four inches broad. Now she can walk for hours without a pain in her feet.

There are millions of poor sufferers in this country, who are limping and hobbling through the world, who might be perfectly relieved and cured by the same means.—*Cor. Golden Rule.*

THE Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston have made what they call a century box, in which are put thirty essays by members on past and present events in Boston. The box is to be kept sealed until 1980, when the essays may be publicly read.